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# CAMPOBELLO.

## THE JOURNEY.

Vacation begins when one takes the steamer from Commercial Wharf at 8 o'clock some balmy summer morning, sails down Boston Harbor, past Nahant, Cape Ann, along the shores of New Hampshire and Maine, till Campobello dawns upon the vision as a little world of soft green shades, of hidden coves and bald rocks, of far stretching woods and lonely fisherman's huts. Fortunate is the traveller, if the tide compels the boat to make a circuit of the island, so that he can see all the outlines of the place where he is either to gain strength and repose or to lead a life of out-door activity.

From Eastport where the steamer lands it is only a ten minutes' sail in the "Emmet" directly across Passamaquoddy Bay to — Which pier, The Owen or The Tyn-y-coed? Each passenger believes his pier and his hotel the best.

If this should prove too long a water journey, the noon train to Portland enables passengers to take there the same steamer which left Boston several hours before.

Another way is to go by rail from Boston to St. Stephen's, N. B., and from there by steamer through the winding River St. Croix, past the exquisite foregrounds of its banks, out into the more open bay, where the outlines of the shore rise in bolder relief, until Campobello is reached.

## THE OWEN AND THE TYN-Y-COED.

Seldom is it more difficult to choose between two hotels, both are so homelike. The Owen, so called in honor of the old Admiral to whom the island belonged, and whose library is transformd into a business office, is Swiss in style. The American who pines for Europe, either from memory or anticipation, will choose this as a summer resting place. Unconsciously you feel foreign and titled when a sentinel swings open the gates for your admission and closes them quickly to the public of small boys, Indians, and loungers. After entering your name at the office, you wander outside along a piazza by the dining-room, with its high stained-glass windows, its Queen Anne mantels and its little chestnut dining-tables, through a covered walk, up to the broad piazza of the hotel, whose elevation

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is so high that you look over pine trees down to the water, across to Eastport and out towards little glimpses of the Canadian shores; glass doors and heavy curtains invite you through the long parlors to the great distant fireplace, up the broad staircase to a long entry flooded with sunlight and filled with suggestions of time passed in embroidery and novels. This is *the hotel*, where transients, and those who like the variety of life afforded at the larger house and those who prefer the prospect as seen from The Owen, pass their days.

Five minutes' farther sail brings you to the more stately Tyn-y-coed, or "House in the Woods," close to the water's edge, seventy-five feet above the level of the sea. Fir groves, rustic seats, verandas, large and small parlors abound here as at The Owen, while the water scene is broader and more varied, and on the western piazza gather the guests, to see the superb sunset views across the bay. Hotel life is comparatively quiet. The fishermen's wharves are farther off, but telephonic communication places boats and carriages at every one's disposal.

The unique feature of the two hotels is their intercourse. You can hardly tell where your friends are staying. If they breakfast at The Owen, they dine at The Tyn-y-coed. A steamer and wagonette run regularly

between them, and calls can be made and returned the same day. Then no one greets you with a *hay-fever* look; no one has even its symptoms. The fogs are a fancied terror, rather than a reality; while on the Bay of Fundy side of the island the opposite cliffs are hidden. Passamaquoddy Bay, on whose shores the hotels are built, has occasional beautiful liftings and glimmerings of a distant haze. It is a matter of record at the Signal Service Bureau, that there is less fog at Campobello than at any other point east of the Penobscot.

The woods around the hotels give both solitude and companionship, according to one's mood. The two daily mails, and the cable which has been laid to Eastport, provide communication with all the large cities of the country, and remove any sense of isolation from the world.

The hotel apartments are provided with chestnut furniture, made in simple form, ornamented with lines and panellings in low relief. All the floors are covered with rugs; ebonized tables, black-stained rattan sofas and easy-chairs, with their bright cushions, give an effect of soft color to the parlors.

#### WHAT TO DO.

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of spruce and fir trees to Herring Cove, and see the cliffs of Grand Menan, and breathe the real salt air. A pedestrian will scramble up beyond the beach to "Eastern Head," and other glorious headlands, and look down into dizzying depths of forest beneath, or out toward the distant blue horizon, where the "Wolves" loom up wild and rugged. Winding down from these heights through muddy, corduroy foot-paths, small shining coves will be reached, which were hidden from view from the peaks above.

In buggies, or three-seated wagons, those who are fond of riding will travel the "Queen's Highway" through sunlight and shade, and drink from the cold spring which supplies the hotels with its clear, sparkling water. On horseback, the younger will gallop to Bulldog Beach, or over the hills to Wilson's, or through lovely, lonely bridle-paths around Eastern Head, or along the cliffs beyond Schooner Cove.

New roads, which add to the variety of the landscape, and to the pleasure of driving, are constantly being made.

A sportsman will travel through miles of swamp and underbrush in absolute solitude, except as the birds and crackling bushes utter their sounds of encouragement, and

bring home as game a few winged creatures, and many expectations of what he will do next time.

If one cares for bathing, he will find the water quiet and cold; to many persons the physical reaction is exhilarating, but the bathing, like everything else, is regulated by the tides. This tide effect is a novelty and an annoyance; the water recedes some twenty-two feet, leaving alike exposed the branches of the weirs covered with seaweed, and the sandy, slushy shores of the bay. Both the slight fogs and the spring tides make the place a perpetually gathering and unfolding mystery.

Those who love the water will engage a row-boat for the season, and amuse themselves in discovering the interchanging currents of the bay, as the water rushes with force in and out between the islands. The dreamy and speculative will employ an Indian to paddle them in his canoe and to carry them close to Friar's Head, where they will gaze up at the bald, dumb, jagged rock, wondering if any animate creation knew of its separation from the mainland. For more distant sea journeys, there are big steamers to Grand Menan, Mt. Desert, and St. John. More pleasant than anything else is it to engage a little steamer and sail down the bay and up the river to Pleasant Point, (where Catholic zeal is instructing an Indian





BULL DOG BEACH.



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encampment,) and to endeavor to make the best bargains in Indian bric-à-brac; then steam farther up to the town of St. Andrews, a resort for Canadian nobility, and a deposit for rare Wedgwood ware. Perhaps one will sail along the shore by Harbor de Loutre and Head Harbor Island, peer through the "hole in the rock," and land at the light-house, situated on a wild picturesque point, separated from the mainland at high tide, picnic at Meadow Brook Cove, and reach home in the early evening, having been nearly half around the island. Moreover, there may have been opportunity for fishing, for besides excellent trout and salmon streams, the waters of the bay and its inlets afford a wide range of sea-fishing.

#### THE ATMOSPHERE.

There is no chilly feeling in the evening, for the air is moist, restful, mild. The purity and freshness of the atmosphere is due to the prevalent summer winds which blow over the ocean. The air is invigorating, and the mists are not unfavorable to health, while the odor of balsamic firs quiets the nervous system. Perhaps nothing can better show the equability of the climate than a record of the variation of the thermometer, as kept last summer for his own gratification, by Justin Winsor, Esq., Librarian of Harvard College.

#### LIFE OF THE ISLANDERS.

The island "socially" is divided into the Admiral's Land, the principal settlement being the village of "Welsh Pool," and Wilson's reservation, the latter never having belonged to the Owens. The chivalry of the native inhabitants towards the memory of the high-bred English family is as delightful to witness as it is unusual. Odd bits of china or of lace bought at the auction of some of the family goods are carefully treasured in the "best room." If a fisherman is asked where he goes to church, he replies, "To the ladies' church, marm." "Is it high or low?" is a farther question. "I don't know; it is the ladies'; they know." These "ladies" embroidered the church carpet and the priestly vestments, established schools, and brought sympathy and knowledge to all those in their domain.

Children are so numerous that a few families will furnish a good-sized school. The men live chiefly by fishing, and the women are as smart and capable as women must be, who are "Jacks-at-all-trades."

From 1761 to 1881 the property was in the hands of this English family. It was treated as an English estate, the land being leased to tenants, chiefly fishermen and farmers, who have built their own dwellings, and pay a

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## JULY.

Date.	8 A. M.	2.30 P. M.	6 P. M.	Lowest	Highest	REMARKS.
27		72	67			Clear.
28	58	55	56			Fog and Rain.
29	64	66	64			Fog, variable.
30	65	72	64			Clear.
31	64	67	63			Clear.
Average	62 $\frac{1}{3}$	65	62 $\frac{1}{3}$			

## AUGUST.

Date.	8 A. M.	2.30 P. M.	6 P. M.	Highest	Lowest	REMARKS.
1	63	72	68			Clear.
2	67	84	71	86		Clear.
3	69	75	72			Clear.
4	68	74	67			Clear.
5	67	76	70			Clear.
6	72	78	67	84		Clear.
7	56	61	58			Fog.
8	60	61	58			Fog.
9	59	60	60			Fog.
10	58	68	61			Fog.
11	57	61	66			Fog cleared.
12	61	63	60			Clear.
13	59	74	65			Cloudy, clear.
14	59	64	61			Clear.
15	60	70	65	79		Rain, clear.
16	58	59	60			Fog.
17	60	72	68			Variable showers P. M.
18	64	72	60			Clear.
19	58	65	61			Clear.
20	60	71	60			Clear, little wind.
21	60	67	62			Clear, calm.

## AUGUST.

Date.	8 A. M.	2.30 P. M.	6 P. M.	Highest	Lowest	REMARKS.
22	57	67	58			Clear, little wind.
23	58	68	62			Clear, calm.
24	63	73	66	78		Clear, little wind.
25	60	72	66			Clear, good breeze P. M.
26	57	62	60			Clear, gentle wind.
27	56	68	59			Rain, clearing, low'ring cl'r.
28	60	65	61			Cloudy, clear.
29	58	74	59			Clear.
30	62	69	68			Clear.
31	68	63	57	76		Clear, good breeze P. M.
Average	61+	67+	62+			

## SEPTEMBER.

Date	8 A. M.	3.30 P. M.	6 P. M. <small>AT 7 P. M.</small>	Highest	Lowest	REMARKS.
1	57	69	61			Fog, clearing variable.
2	66	79	70	82		Clear.
3	62	64	55			Clear, fresh breeze, fog.
4	55	60	59			Rain, fog.
5	58	74	67			Fog, clearing, clear, calm.
6	60	66	60			Clear, 2 P. M.
7	59	60	55	64	55	Cl'r, strong S. W. wind, cl'r.
8	56	65	61	65	54	Fog, cl'r, S. wind gentle, cl'r.
9	61	69	62			Clear, calm.
10	60	64	58			Clear, very clear.
11	52	59	57			Fog, cloudy, rain.
12	58	56	52			Cloudy, rain.
13	56	67	59			Cloudy, rain.
Average	58 $\frac{1}{3}$	65 $\frac{1}{3}$	59 $\frac{1}{3}$			





Meadow Brook Cove.



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ground rent annually. There are about thirteen hundred tenants, most of them industrious and thrifty.

#### THE COMPANY.

In June, 1881, the island was purchased by a few New York and Boston gentlemen, who organized the Campobello Company, with a capital of one million dollars. The organization of the company is as follows:—

*Incorporators.* Quiney A. Shaw, Henry L. Higginson, Francis B. Beaumont, Alexander S. Porter, Edward C. Pike.

*President.* SAMUEL WELLS.

*Treasurer.* FRANCIS B. BEAUMONT.

*General Manager.* ALEXANDER S. PORTER.

*Directors.* Samuel Wells, of Boston; Francis B. Beaumont, of Boston; George A. Goddard, of Boston;

Alexander S. Porter, of Boston; Edward E. Chase, of New York.

The company is desirous to establish a cottage life upon the island, and to maintain a simple and healthful manner of living in the hotels.

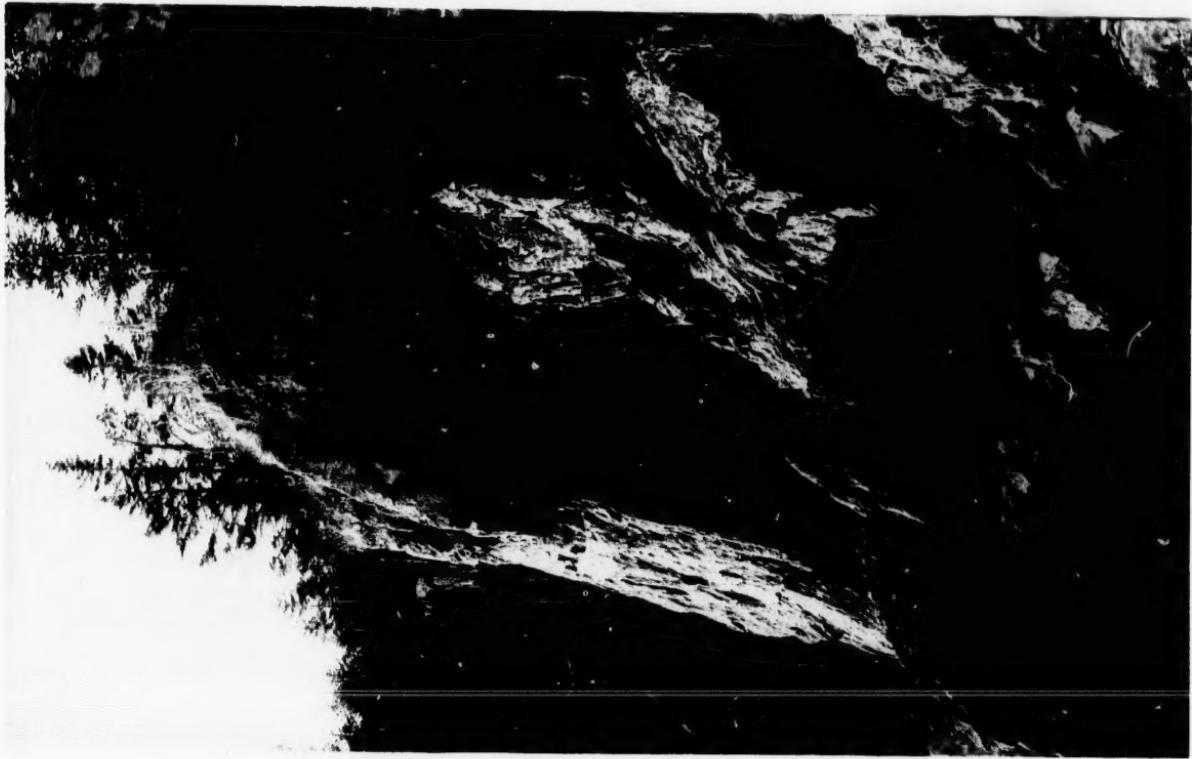
Mr. Barker, the manager of the hotels, is both an efficient landlord and a thoughtful host, while Mrs. Barker is his able coadjutor. The plan of administration that has been adopted will certainly make Campobello the most attractive resort on the Atlantic coast.

Application for board may be made to T. A. Barker, office of the Campobello Company, No. 12 Sears Building, Boston. All applications for cottage lots, or for general information regarding the property, may be made to Alex. S. Porter, General Manager Campobello Company, No. 27 State Street, Boston.



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